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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

THE HOT SEASON.

BY DR. G. W. HOLMES.

The folks that on the first of May
Wore winter coats and hose,
Begin to cry, the first of June,
"Good Lord! how hot it grows!"

At last two Fahrenheits blow up,
And killed two children small,
And one bawdiest dead
A tutor with his ball.

Now all day long the best sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels started inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had mellowed over in vats,
Came spouting through the rotten corks
Like daisy's best champagne!

The Worcester locomotive did
Their trip in half an hour;

The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked the power;
And two faces fell,
All asked for ice, but everywhere
Salt-petre was to sell.

Pump men of mornings entered fights,
But ere the scorching hours,
Three couples met in the street,
As Cuckoo pantaloons!

The does ran mad—men could not try
To wear their woolen clothes;
A horse fell dead—the only left
Four red hot rusty shoes.

But some people could not bear
The slightest hint of fire;
Allusions to cholera drew
A flood of cargo in!

The faces on heat were all torn out
From every book at school,
And many blackguards kicked and cenned,
Because they said—"keep cool!"

The gas light companies were mobbed,
The flocks all were killed;
The penny press began to talk
Of "Lynchings" and "Notts!"

And all about the wardrobe steps
Were angry men in distress,
Crushing and splintering through the doors
To smash the patent stoves!

The abolition men and saints
Were tamed to such a hue,
You never could tell them from their friends,
Unless their eyes were blue.

And when I left, society
Had burst its ancient guards,
And Battle Street and Temple Place
Were interchanging cars.

THE STORY TELLER.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

One evening in the month of July, 1825, a child about ten years old, badly dressed, and with bare feet, was driving a flock of sheep across a plain in Picardy. Young as he was, his countenance was grave and pale, and his large dark eyes were intensely fixed on a dog, which he held open in his hand, while, but for the watchful care of a dog that accompanied him, his feeble charge might have strayed in every direction, without his being conscious of it. He walked slowly on, still looking at his dog, until he was passing a cottage, a voice from its door recalled him from his abstraction.

"What, Pierre, are you going to pass by your old friend Louison without saying good evening?"

These words were spoken by an old woman who was spinning at the threshold.

"No, good Louison," replied the boy with a very serious air, "I intended to call and embrace you."

"How say you that, Pierre?" said the old woman. "One would think you were going away, and that we were never to see you again."

"I hope, whenever I see you, to find you well and happy," replied the child.

"And always ready to share my luncheon with little Pierre, who on Sunday has the kindness to come and read prayers for me, since I have become too feeble to go to church myself. Here, Pierre, take this nice little white loaf which the baker gave me this morning, and these fresh nuts—and stay, put this in your pocket. What's the child afraid of?—it's only a silver sapphire. Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large high forehead. Do you know I often think you are not destined to tend sheep all your life: something tells me that you will be a great man one of these days. Still one thing puzzles me; if you remain here in this village of St. Gobain, how are you ever to become great?—a man whom every one will talk of and say, 'Do you know he was once little La Ramee, the son of La Ramee the charcoal-burner, and Calinette his wife?'"

"Indeed, Louison, I don't think I shall remain long at St. Gobain. Who knows?—better days may come; and then, added he, throwing his little caressing arms round the old woman's neck, "when you don't see me here, will you pray to God for me? Farewell, dear Louison, I shall never forget you."

"Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre?"

Pierre was already out of hearing; and having already overtaken his sheep, drove them towards a farm house that stood at some distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal. On his way he stopped at an old oak-tree, and climbing its lower branches, he placed in a deep hollow among them the bread, the nuts, and the silver coin which Louison had given him. As he was getting down, he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.

"Ah, little robber of a bird's-nest, have I caught you?" said a loud, and good-natured voice.

"Oh, Richard, is that you?" said Pierre.

"You startled me; I thought at first it was my father!"

"Your father came home long ago; and when your mother went to the field, she found a very sorry account of her sheep."

"Oh, my mother went to be very angry."

"Yes, but that's not all," replied Richard, "while she was looking for the sheep, she found something else—a book!—and you never saw such a fuss as she made about it!"

"I hope she will give me back my book," said Pierre, speaking more to himself than to his father's servant.

As he entered the house after, putting up the sheep, his mother met him, and said coldly, "Go in; your father wants to speak to you."

A rough-looking man was seated at a table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on the fire, and his hand rested on the book found in the sheepfold.

"Husband, here is Pierre."

La Ramee looked up. "What has happened to keep you so late?"

"Nothing, father."

"To whom does this book belong?"

"To me, father."

"Who gave it to you?"

"I did, sir," said Richard; "I gave him money to buy it."

"And what do you do with it, child?" asked his father.

"I read it, father."

"You read it?" cried his father and mother together; "and where did you learn to read?"

"I taught him," said Richard. "The little fellow did me a service one day, and I returned it by doing another."

"A fine service, truly!" said Calinette.

"If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall have you to thank for it. Teach him to read! did any one ever hear of such folly? Perhaps you have taught him to write, too?"

"Alas, I can't do that myself," replied Richard.

"That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should like to know what good will learning ever do him?"

"That's not the question, wife," said La Ramee; "certainly if I could, I should like to have him instructed; but poverty is a sad thing."

"Oh indeed it is," said Pierre with a deep sigh. Then taking courage, he added, "However, father, if you would—"

"Send you to school, I suppose you mean?" interrupted his father. "You know I have not the means; I can't afford to feed idle mouths."

"Here is your supper," said his mother, giving him a basin of soup and a bit of brown bread.

"May I have my book?" asked Pierre, taking his supper in one hand and extending the other towards his father.

"The latter handed it to him, and asked, 'Who wrote this book?'"

"Jean de Roly," replied Pierre.

"Who was that priest?" asked his mother, as she continued to help the soup.

"He was one of the most eloquent preachers of the last century, mother," replied the child. "He was chancellor and archdeacon of the church of Notre Dame in Paris. He knew how to read and to write too," added Pierre with a sigh: "so that in 1661, when Parliament sent a remonstrance to Louis XI, it was he who composed it. Afterward, in 1683, the clergy of Paris sent him to the assembly of the States-General at Troyes, where he spoke of the suppression of abuses."

"Charles VIII, the son of Louis XI, and the father of our present king, Louis XII, was so much pleased with him that he appointed him his almoner, and kept him at court."

"There, there—that will do," cried Calinette.

"You see now I was the means of teaching all that to the little fellow," said Richard proudly.

"Fine things, I'm sure to teach him! Go to bed. Master Wisenore, added she, giving her son a slight push—"go and look for your Jean de Roly."

"Jean de Roly, mother; and I can't go look for him, because he died twenty-six years ago."

"But for that, I suppose you'd go to him, and all the grand people in Paris; and you, forsooth, the son of a charcoal-burner in Picardy?"

"My father certainly burns charcoal, said Pierre in a low tone; and yet he has gentle blood in his veins."

"And you think yourself a gentleman, I suppose?" said his mother.

"Oh, cried the boy, 'I care not for rank or wealth; all I want is to gain knowledge.'"

"Well, go to bed and dream that you have it, and it will be all the same thing."

"Good-night, mother; good-night, father; good-

night, Richard?" said Pierre, and went to sleep in the stable among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared as usual to take out his flock for the day, he paused on the threshold of his father's cottage, and turning back, said, "Kiss me mother."

"What for, child?" replied Calinette.

"Old Louison says," replied Pierre "that we never know when we may die. If you were never to see me again!"

"What strange ideas the boy has!" said his mother, giving him a hearty kiss. "There Pierre; 'tis time for you to go."

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having led his sheep to their accustomed pasture, commended them to the care of his faithful dog, and turned his steps towards the Paris road. Something in his heart reproached him for leaving his parents, and told him that an enterprise commenced against their wishes could not prosper; but the boy tried to stifle the uneasy feeling, and walked on, carrying a stick and a bundle containing a change of clothes, a few books, and the provision given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Richard coming towards him.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"I can't tell you, Richard; for if they should ask you at home, I want you to be able to say you do not know."

"I guess it, child—you're going to leave us; and the old servant's voice faltered as he spoke."

"Richard," said the child, bursting into tears, "dear Richard, don't betray me. You taught me to read; that was like opening the gate of a beautiful garden, and now I want to enter and taste the fruit. I am going to Paris."

"Without your father's permission?"

"Yes; you know if I had asked him he would have refused. I shall never forget you, Richard; and when I am learned and happy—I'll come back no more; but dashing away the tears that blinded him, he was some distance on his way before Richard turned slowly towards home."

"That evening there was sad consternation in the farmhouse when the sheep returned under the sole escort of Louison the dog."

"Pierre! Pierre!—where is Pierre?" resounded on every side.

Richard alone sat silently in the corner praying God to protect the little traveller.

After much fatigue, Pierre La Ramee at length reached Paris. While passing through the country, he was well received, lodged and fed by the peasants, so that he had no occasion to spend the few sous he possessed. But it was different in the great city; there he was obliged to purchase a piece of bread, and having eaten it, seek a lodging where he best could. This covered entrance to the market afforded a tolerable shelter; and there, with a stone for a pillow, Pierre managed to sleep soundly. Next morning he was awake early by the noise of the town; and seeing a number of children going towards school, he followed them to the gate. They entered, and he remained standing alone. His heart beat fast, and taking courage, he knocked at the gate.

A porter opened it. "What do you want?"

"I want to enter and listen to what is going on," replied the little stranger with simplicity.

"Who are you?"

"A poor child come on foot from his own village to acquire learning."

"Can you pay for admission?"

"Alas! I have nothing in the world."

"Then I advise you to go back as quickly as you can," said the porter, shutting the door in his face.

Still the child was not discouraged; he sat down on the step. "The children," he thought, "will soon be coming out; perhaps one of them will take pity on me."

He waited patiently until the great gate opened, and the scholars, leaping and shouting for joy, rushed out tumultuously. No one minded poor Pierre; and he might have remained quite unnoticed, had he not started forward to raise a little boy whose foot had tripped against a stone.

"Are you hurt, little master?" asked Pierre.

"No, thank you," replied the child, and passed on.

Fancy the despair of poor little La Ramee, when he found himself once more alone before that large green gate, which seemed resolved never to admit him. Still he waited until the pupils returned; and as the child who had fallen passed by, saluted him.

"Master," said Pierre, advancing.

"Here," said the child, offering him a piece of money.

"It is not that," said Pierre, drawing back his hand.

"What then?" asked the pupil with surprise.

"Lend me one of your books, little master; I will return it when you come out."

"What good will that do you?" said the child, greatly astonished.

"Oh, a great deal; it will make me very happy."

"Here, then," said the pupil, giving him the first one that came to hand.

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened it, and turned over the leaves without being able to comprehend a sentence. When his little owner came out, Pierre returned it to him with a sigh. "To-morrow I will lend you a French book," said the child, and he kept his word.

But in this world reading and learning are

not all-sufficient; it is necessary likewise to eat; and in order to do this, however sparingly, Pierre was obliged by degrees to sell part of his clothes, and yet sleep in the open air. Hunger and misery produced their usual effects, and the poor child felt that his frame was sinking.

"This," thought he, "is a just punishment from God, for having left home without my parents' permission. Oh my poor mother! I have caused you grief enough without adding to it the anguish of hearing one day that your son died far from you without your blessing, or hearing you say that you forgave him. My God, give me strength to go home!"

The prayer was heard. Some time afterwards Pierre once more entered his native fields, feeling that he had done very wrong and deserved punishment, yet full of trust in his parents' affection.

Richard was the first to see Pierre. He rather guessed it was he than recognized him; for the poor child was so altered, so pale and thin, that he looked like the shadow of the pretty little La Ramee. Richard caught him in his arms and hugged him with transport.

"Oh how they wept for you!" said he; "and what difficulty I had in keeping your secret—Well, have you seen Paris? Is it as large as people say? Have you learned a great deal there? Are you very wise now?"

Pierre smiled sadly; "I have seen but little of Paris," he said; "and I return as ignorant as when I set out. Oh, Richard, I have suffered a great deal, especially from hunger. But mother, father—how are they?"

Just then they reached the cottage door; the parents of Pierre tried to look stern and unforgiving, but it would not do. The father's eyes were filled with tears while he told his son that he had forfeited his affection; and the mother covered him with kisses while she protested that she would never embrace him again in her life.

"Come," said a brother of Calinette, who had lately taken up his abode with the family, "this is the return of the Prodigal Son. Let every one embrace him and be satisfied. You, brother-in-law, forgive the little fellow; and you, sister, give him some good warm soup. And do you, my boy, promise your parents not to leave home again."

"Without their permission," said Pierre.

"What! do you still think of returning?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Notwithstanding all you have suffered?"

"Oh, to suffer is nothing! to learn is everything."

Astonished at his determination, the uncle considered for a moment, and then said—"Your desire shall be gratified, nephew; it would be a pity to disappoint so much courage and perseverance. I am an old man without children, and I have a few gold coins lying idle in my trunk; I think, brother, I'll even spend them in indulging our young scapegrace; what do you say?"

"I say, Vincent, that if you will pay for his schooling, I do not desire better than to have him instructed, and I will readily allow him to return to Paris."

Great was the joy of Pierre at hearing these words. Behold him again on the high road; but this time with a light heart, an easy conscience, and a pocket furnished with money, and a letter of introduction to the principal of the college of Navarre in Paris.

He arrived, and was admitted. The first time that our young hero found himself seated in a class, with a professor about to instruct him, was an hour of unalloyed delight. It seemed to him as though he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor memory to retain all he wanted to learn. He came to the banquet of science as a hungry man would come to a delicious feast; therefore the progress that he made, especially in Latin, was so marvelous, that his companions, to commemorate it, Latinized his name, and called him Ramus. By this name he was ever afterwards distinguished. But the trials the poor boy was destined to undergo were not yet ended. His uncle, more generous than rich, found at length that his funds were exhausted. He caused a letter to be written—"Leave the college, dear Pierre; I have no more money to send you. You have now quite sufficient learning to conduct your father's trade."

Just before the receipt of this letter, the principal had told Ramus that in two years more his studies would be completed.

"Two years!" thought he; "only two years, and I must leave the college! Oh, no! I will find some means of 'maintaining.' And instead of despairing, as an ordinary boy might have done, Ramus applied himself to diligent exertion."

For some time the managers of the college had been seeking a servant to brush the clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils. As the wages were small, and the work laborious, but few candidates offered for the place, when one day a poor man presented himself, whose appearance greatly astonished the principal.

"Ramus!" he cried; "Ramus! One of our best pupils offering himself as a slave-boy?"

"My uncle can no longer pay for my education, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the college; Well, my child, then remain," said the master, touched by his anxiety; but 'tis a great pity you would make a much better pupil than servant. How much do you expect?"

"Ah! I dare not say."

"Let us see: on account of your age and anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages somewhat."

"Sir," said Ramus with a desperate effort, "I do not ask money; all I wish is permission to remain my place in the class. I will continue my studies by day, and work hard as a servant by night."

"And when will you sleep?" asked the principal greatly affected.

"During the hours of recreation," replied the noble boy.

What may not be accomplished by a real thirst for knowledge. Ramus steadily continued his almost superhuman labors of mind and body, and in the end he reaped a reward. After leaving the college, he received all the honors and degrees that are conferred on learned men, and King Henry II. named him professor of eloquence and philosophy in the College of France.

He published several works, which still attest the enlargement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge. It was he who invented the letter Y. Before his time, U had been employed in all cases when either letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as well as learned; but he did not forget his parents, nor his old friend Louison—who had predicted that he would become a great man—nor Richard, who was the first to develop his intellect, in teaching him to read. I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus perished in the year 1573, in the cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUSSIAN CEREMONIES.—The Russians have curious customs—for instance their funerals—When a man dies, the priest comes and takes possession of the room in which he lies. The room is darkened and a number of candles lighted, the priest continuing to mutter his prayers until the funeral takes place. The body is carried to the church, where the relations come and take the hand of the deceased, asking pardon for any offence they have given him in life. A paper is put into his hand, testifying that he was an honest man, and a member of the Greek Church. When he is put into the ground, and the grave filled, food is placed near it for the purpose of propitiating the spirit. Drunkenness and disorder frequently prevail at this ceremony.

Their marriages are also singular. They are always in a church, at the door of which the priest meets the couple, and kisses their hands, at the same time giving them his benediction. They follow him to the altar, and a crown, light, and generally made of silver, is placed upon their heads. This is called the marriage crown. He puts a wax taper into each of their hands, and reads a portion of Scripture; a sweet and bitter drink, emblematical of the joys and sorrows of married life, is given to each. The whole service lasts about an hour, and ends by the bride and bridegroom, with all the spectators, following the priest around the altar three times. I was present at the marriage of the Duchess of Olen, second daughter of the Emperor, to the heir apparent of the throne of Wietnamburg, and it was a very beautiful sight. The dresses of the parties, and some of the spectators, who were very numerous, were magnificent.

When a merchant gives a dinner, he and his wife stand behind the chairs of the guests, and wait upon them, receiving the dishes from the servants and placing them on the table. Every time one of the guests asks for more sweetening in his wine, the merchant must march round the table, meet his wife, and salute her. When it is a newly married couple, this ceremony, from the frequency of its being required, often becomes fatiguing to the parties.

The court of Russia is one of the most splendid in the world. The present Empress is excessively fond of balls and shows, and they are very frequent. There is now none of the barbarity which distinguished the court of Queens Catherine and Ann, about a hundred years ago.—Rev. Dr. Baird.

A NEW RACE.—A hitherto unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing 7 to 7 1/2 English feet in height, and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of negroes, in features.—Africanist.

All sent an expedition up the 'White Nile' in search of gold, and there found this new race of people—1500 of whom, armed to the teeth, came down to the shore of the river where the vessel lay. This name of the kingdom occupied by this people is Bari, and its capital Patenga. They raise wheat, tobacco, &c., and manufacture their own weapons.

On the morning of the day of the battle of Brandywine, Hunt, who was called the 'High Priest' by the army (being 7 feet), had scarcely commenced praying to his regiment, when the firing began at a distance, rendering brevity necessary. He therefore concluded with these words:

"Remember, brethren, that those who die in battle with the Lord, and then turned and marched off—when an officer said:

"Parson, are you not going to battle?"

"No, colonel, I am not," he replied, "for the Lord knows I never eat supper."

WITNESSES.—We are glad to see that while great exertions are making to enlist public sympathy in behalf of criminals, some philanthropic individuals are taking up the cause of witnesses, those important aids in the cause of justice, and urging their protection against the 'oily gammons' of the bar. By 'taking exceptions,' these smart pettifoggers keep the minor judges in perfect awe, and they suffer the witnesses to remain in the claws of the legal vampires, until, as the Mercury remarks, every drop of blood is sucked out of their veins, and they fall, pale, exhausted and heart-broken down to the earth. A witness shall go into one of our criminal courts with bounding heart and bright character, and he shall come out of it heart-sick, and blasted in fame, blasted in fame by the arts of the wily counsel, to whose 'tremendous cross-examination' he has been subjected. The more important his testimony, the more it becomes necessary to lumbag the jury with the belief that a more detestable vagabond, a more remorseless liar, and gallows-escaped rogue than he who gave it, had never made his appearance in a court of justice. Your character is blasted by a series of artfully put questions, and these are aided or set off by an accompaniment of nods and winks and wreathed smiles addressed to the jury.—Boston Bee.

"Well," soliloquised the veritable Miss Angeline Ida Evergreen; as she folded the newspaper which she had been reading, and laid aside her spectacles, "this is the most interesting newspaper I have seen for many a day. I believe it is enough to do one's heart good to look at it. Let me see, there is almost a column of deaths, one 'heart-rending occurrence,' one 'murder,' three 'robberies,' three 'suicides,' with all the particulars, besides almost a column of 'distressing accidents and crimes,' and I declare if there is not a long and thrilling account of an 'execution for murder.' Such a paper ought to be patronized. It furnishes abundance of amusement mingled with instruction."

DEATH BED REPENTANCE.—A Scotchman who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbors, fell sick, and being given over, sent for his enemy that he might be reconciled.

"Oh, said he, when the man entered the room, 'I am very bad, very bad indeed—do you think I shall die?'"

"I hope not," replied the visitor.

"Yes, I shall, I know I shall die, so I sent for you to be friendly that I may not go out of this world in enmity with any one!"

This token of reconciliation was granted; but when his visitor was about to take leave, the sick man cried out, "Stop, if I should not die this time, all this goes for nothing—mind now, it is to be just as it was before, if I don't die."

We hear of an editor down south, who, we think without exception, is the most industrious man of his time. He is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps tavern, is a village postmaster, town clerk, captain of the militia, attends his own boots and shoes, is a pettifogger of notoriety, deals in red flannel, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin-wares two days in the week, parish sexton, and always preaches on Sunday when the minister is absent. In addition to this, he has a scolding wife, sixteen ungrateful and disobedient children, and a large circle of needy acquaintances, whom he entertains on conditions unknown to the public. What would the village do without him?

The following story is told of Jimmy Mabey, who has long been the gardener at the presidential mansion, Washington:

